



The Camosun

May
1906

UP-TO-DATE

People have a longing for good things to eat and drink, and the best place for them to satisfactorily satisfy that longing is at the UP-TO-DATE STORE of

CARNE'S CASH GROCERY

Corner Government and Fort Sts.

TELEPHONE 586

High School Pupils

Would do well to cultivate
the habit of dealing with

M. W. WAITT & CO., LTD.

As they have EVERYTHING
you may require in the MUSIC line

They also have Hockey Goods

ALWAYS REMEMBER MOWAT'S GROCERY

The Colonist

FOR UP-TO-DATE

PRINTING

LITHOGRAPHING

AND

BOOKBINDING

NOT CHEAPNESS, BUT GOODNESS

Lion Brand Suits and Knickers for School Boys

Every Suit and Knicker is made of pure wool materials. Knickers have double seats, double knees, double seams and holdfast buttons. Coats have double elbows, hand shaped collars and French facings.

Suit prices are \$4.50, \$5.25, \$6.50, \$7.50
Knickers, 50c., 75c., 90c., \$1.00, \$1.25

W. C. CAMERON, 55 Johnson St., Victoria

Fountain Pens

—\$1.50—

Splendid Value

Self-Filling

—AT—

POPE STATIONERY CO.

THE NEW SHOE STORE

—FOR—

GOOD

FOOTWEAR

McCandless Bros. & Cathcart

35 JOHNSON STREET

GO TO

John Barnsley & Co.'s

— FOR —

BASEBALL, LACROSSE, HOCKEY
CRICKET AND TENNIS GOODS

Largest and Best Assorted Stock
of Fishing Tackle in the City

115 GOVERNMENT STREET

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Chinese Students in America	3
A Little Future History	5
A Strange Coincidence	6
Seen from a Car Window in Japan	9
The Adventures of Captain Clarke	11
Editorial	12
Sports	13
A Glimpse into the Future	14

That Cough

Can be quickly cured by using

PULMONIC COUGH CURE

HALL & CO., Prescription Druggists

CLARENCE BLOCK,
Corner of Yates and Douglas Streets

M. R. SMITH & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1858

**Manufacturers of
Biscuits and
Confections**

Branch, Vancouver, B.C. **VICTORIA, B. C.**

**STUDENTS
PATRONIZE
YOUR
ADVERTISERS**

Pictures Framed

ARTISTIC
REASONABLE

WORK FIRST-CLASS

FORRESTER

82 DOUGLAS STREET

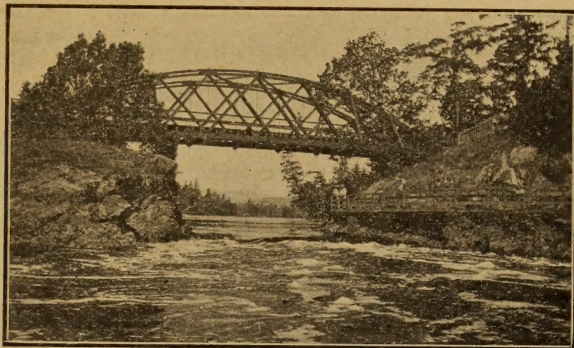
The Camosun

Published by the Students of Victoria College

VOL. I.

VICTORIA, B. C., MAY, 1906.

No. 5



THE GORGE

CHINESE STUDENTS IN AMERICA

(By Peter Hing.)

Since the editor generously opened his columns to me I esteem it a special privilege to be allowed to introduce to the readers of the "Camosun" some facts in connection with the Chinese, which I suppose are unknown to many of them.

In the February issue of the "Camosun" I have written an article entitled "The Chinese New Year," which deals with things of very ancient origin, but on the present occasion I desire to interest you in a very modern subject.

It was the students of the Victoria College who organized this monthly magazine, so I consider that students are the people who would be most interesting to us; therefore in this article I shall attempt to give a mere summary of facts regarding the Chinese students in America.

The subject about which I am going to write would be a most discouraging one if I should confine myself only to speaking of the Chinese students in Canada.

Although there are about 20,000 Chinese scattered over the different parts of Canada, there are only four or five advanced students (advanced in comparison with the other Chinese students) in the whole Dominion. There

is a young lady and a young man in the Vancouver High School, and there is a young man in the Methodist Columbian College, and one in the New Westminster High School.

Besides these four there are many in the different public schools, but my intention is to tell about the advanced students, so at present I am not able to say much about the Chinese students of Canada.

Now turn to the students of the United States, of whom I could say a great deal, but unfortunately space will not allow me to go into details.

The Chinese university students may be divided into two classes, namely: Government students and private students. The former are students sent out and entirely supported by the government, while among the latter there are students who have a great desire for education, and influenced by patriotism, have deprived themselves of many a pleasure and spend all their spare time in earning whatever they can in order to meet the expenses of their university life.

China is now awakening from her long slumbers and she realizes the importance of new civilization. Within the last few years she has kept sending out groups of students to all the

advanced nations to pursue their studies in the modern professional courses.

In the United States alone there are over one hundred university students either government or self-supporting. They are scattered throughout the leading universities of that country. The branches of study pursued by them are various. Political Science, Law, Economics, Mining, Engineering, Commerce, Teaching, Agriculture and Medicine.

In the year 1905 there were already over twenty graduated students in America with degrees such as Ph.D., LL.D., M.S., M.A., LL.M., M.C.E., B.A., B.S., M.D., and M.E. conferred upon them. These graduates either went to Europe to further their education or returned to China to help to reform their own country, and to spread their new learning throughout the awakening Empire.

It would take up too much space to relate the success of every graduate, but it would be worth while as a summary to mention the success of two or three of them.

First I introduce Samuel S. Young, A.B., A.M., a young man in his early twenties, a graduate of the Teachers' College, Columbia University, who has been lately invited by the Governor of Kwongtung to take charge of a college in that province. While he was in Trinity School he received a gold medal for proficiency in Latin. While a student in the University of California he was the holder of a state scholarship, and he did such excellent work in the military department of the University that on his graduation he was given a captaincy. About the success of I. C. Hu I have the pleasure to copy the following extract from the "Ithaca Daily News:"

"I C. Hu, '05, of the Civil Engineering College, who is a special student of the Chinese government has written a book entitled "A Railroad for China." Mr. Hu is a graduate of Tientsin University, where his extraordinary talents were discovered. Later he was sent to the University of California, and after spending two years there decided to finish his studies at Cornell.

His scholarship at Cornell has been exceedingly high, his standing of 98 per cent. in bridge designing being the highest ever given a civil engineering student. He will graduate this year with the degree of M. C. E.

Mr. C. H. Wong, a graduate of Yale University, a young man of twenty-five has received the degree of LL.D., and has also lately returned to China to be employed by the government.

Besides the university students there

are in the different secondary schools many young ladies and men who have the ambition to continue their studies in the leading universities after their graduation.

The Chinese government also sends out students to England, France, Germany and other advanced countries to study in the various branches of learning for which each nation is noted.

One must not think that the Chinese students devote all their time to intellectual culture, and are entirely taken up with the academic side of life, for in debating, in college journalism, in college societies, in athletics, the Chinese also have their representatives, and their appreciation in these has been shown in many instances.

In support of my statement and to encourage the local cadets I would like to cite a paragraph from Professor Damon's article about the Chinese:

"The athletic training and the military drill of the students receive special attention. The Institute has been extremely fortunate in the courtesy shown by the commander of the military post in permitting experienced drill-masters to come to the aid of our cadet corps. The results of work in this department both physically and morally are most encouraging. The boys have their 'Glee Club,' their 'Athletic Association.' They are showing the Occidentals that the Orientals can sing, and sing well — sometimes with a swing and dash and sweetness that stirs one's blood in a good way. People rub their eyes and wonder if indeed there can be Chinese boys who are bold enough to 'spout Shakespeare,' and offer you scenes from 'The Merchant of Venice,' from 'Julius Caesar,' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' but they are and they do it as well as other boys in other parts of the world."

At the beginning of this year two Imperial ministers were sent out from China by the way of the United States to the European countries, where they are now spending their time investigating all the progressive institutions of the advanced nations, adopting all the good systems of governing, the up-to-date methods of educating and the skillful ways of trading.

With these two ministers about thirty young students were sent. They will be left in the foreign countries to take such studies as the ministers judge to be the most urgent and most beneficial for China. Following these another party under three Imperial ministers, landed at Seattle last month,

sent by the government for the same purpose.

At present the Chinese are so eagerly seeking for new learning that in the very near future China will prove that she is awakening. Who said some thirty years ago that Japan would be a very powerful country? Today she is called the "Great Britain of the Pacific." She has demonstrated in the late Russo-Japanese war that she is worthy to be called so. Today she is the leader of the Orient, and she is the instructress in military and naval science of over 5,000 Chinese students.

Knowing these facts one can easily

come to the conclusion that when all the Chinese students have finished their studies and returned to China, a great revival will be seen in that ancient empire. Such a revival as we have seen in the history of Europe, will take place in China and all her forms of absolute government, ancient customs and old systems of education will be abolished through the results of the new learning. Then indeed may we say:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Let us hope that day will come soon.

A LITTLE FUTURE HISTORY.

Tullymucclesoray,
Parish of Ballyraggett,
Near Ballysluggathy, Kilkenny,
Ireland.

My Dear Nephew,—I haven't sent ye a letther since the last time I wrote to ye because we have moved from our former place of livin', an' I didn't know whether a letther would find ye; but I now wit pleasure take up me pin to inform you of the death of yer ownly livin' uncle, Ned Fitzpatrick, who died very suddenly afther a lingerin' illness of six weeks. The poor fellow was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, lyin' perfectly quiet and intirely spachless—all the time talkin' incoherently an' cryin' for wather. I had no opportunity of informin' ye of his death sooner, except I wrote ye by the last post, which same went off two days before he died; and thin ye would have postage to pay. I am at a loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was by his last sickness, for he was nivr well tin days together durin' the whole of his confinement; and I believe his death was brought about by his atin' too much rabbit stuffed wid pais and gravy, or pais and gravy stuffed wid rabbit; but be that as it may, when he brathed his last, his doctor gave up all hope of his recovery. I needn't tell ye anythin' about his age, for ye well know that in June next he would have bin jist sivinty-foive years ould, lacking ten months, and had he lived till that time he would have bin just 6 months dead. His property now devolves to his next of kin, which all died some time ago, so I expect it will be divided betwaen us, and ye know his propperty, which was very large, was sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost at a horse

race, but it was the opinion of ivery body at the time he would have won the race, if the baste he run against hadn't been too fast for him.

I niver saw a man in all my life, and the docthers all said so, that observed dirictions or took midicine betther than he did. He said he would as leve dthrink bitther or sweet if it had only the same taste and ipecekaná as whisky punch if it would only put him in the same humour for fightin'. But poor sowl! he will niver ate or dthrink any more, and ye haven't a livin' relation in the world except meself an' yer two cousins who were kilt in the last war. I cannot dwell on the mournful subject any longer, and shall sale me letther wid black sailin' wax, and whan the carrier brangs it tell him its the wan wi' the black salin' wax an' take no uther. As I haven't got any more to say I'll fould it up thinking about ye the while, an' good-by.

P. S.—Don't write till ye receive this.
Yer lovin' grand-mither,

BRIDGET O'HOOOLIGAN.

Scene—A tennis game at school.

Oriole—"What's the score?"

A. S.—"I—ah—it's, love, forty."

Voice from looker-on—"Don't bother with forty; one's enough."

Teacher—"Mary, what is the earth composed of?"

Mary—"Soil and water."

Teacher—"What do soil and water make?"

Mary—"Mud pies."

It is annoying to have some French verbs very much alike. One young mîss made this glaring mistake in translation:

"This young man is always well inhabited."



A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

(By Harrison Rogers.)

"Once only in my existence have I had such an adventure as I experienced down in Kentucky in the year 1890," said Mr. Trick in a dignified manner and as though he was aching to tell someone a story.

"Tell me about it," said I with feigned eagerness—and he did. Although his story was somewhat daring yet his conscience seemed perfectly at ease. Trick had been a burglar more or less—chiefly less, I think, because he had not gone on into desperate ways, but had repented, as he once told.

"There was a little house out Falmouth way," he began, "that seemed to be worth spending some time over. It was snug and comfortable, so at the time I resolved to pay it a visit. It had an additional attraction of being left to the care of some neighbors, an old man and his wife, while the owners were away on a pleasure trip to New York. The job I knew was easy and although it did not promise large rewards it suited my ideas well, and I decided to go alone and not be hampered by a 'pal.' I did not want to arrive there early in the day and have too much time on my hands, so I took a 3 o'clock train outbound from Danville. It is risky for one of my calling to loaf around a strange neighborhood; the less you are seen the better. In a corner of the same car with me was a frail little curate of the milk and water type, with watery blue eyes and straw-coloured hair, in quality not much better. From our conversation I gathered that he and I were bound for the same destination, so we became

more sociable and tired each other with senseless stories about nothing.

"Suddenly I looked out of the window and discovered that we were at a station beyond where we were to transfer. We quickly got out and he became fretful because, as he said, he must reach Falmouth that night, presumably he was to give an address there. I was as anxious as he to be there, yet we could not get a train that night."

"Couldn't we drive?" he asked anxiously. "I will pay anything in reason. Walking is out of the question; it must be nearly thirty miles across."

"A bit more than that, said I; 'As for driving, I have neither the means nor the inclination, but if I can get my legs astride a bicycle I'm all right. You can't ride, eh?'"

"Oh, yes I can," he said, bracing up wonderfully.

"Well in that case all we need are some bikes."

"We can hire them, surely," suggested the curate.

"It was doubtful. Perhaps the dealer wouldn't trust strangers. However, we tried, and to my amusement and the curate's disappointment, we were blankly refused. He added that all his bicycles were engaged, but at this moment two riders returned, and, leaving the machines out in front, went in to settle with the dealer. A sudden thought came to me.

"Here," said I to the curate, 'take this and clear out; I will square it with the fellow. He ought to let us have

them if we want them; anyhow, if he fusses you will be beyond recall. He will listen to reason then."

"I was surprised at the readiness with which the curate fell in with my plan. He nipped into the saddle and scorched down the street. I could not suppress my amusement at the giddy figure he made. After he had a start of three minutes I poked my head in at the door and hollered, 'Hi, Mister, that curate chap has sneaked your machine. Look alive or you'll lose it. Out the door and down the street he bolted, puffing and shedding cuss words as he went. He was of no mean proportions and his exertions proved too much for him. I bet he said a lot of thin when he got back, but I wasn't there to hear him, and his other machine was with me.

"It was an old-timer of a machine, yet it was good enough in a pinch, and after making a small circuit of the town I lit out on the right road. It's sinful extravagance to pay for a thin when it is put freely within your reach; but I was mighty surprised at that curate chap. Bicycle stealing didn't seem to be in his line and I kind of hoped he'd get caught, just to teach him a lesson. There is only one printable word which fairly describes that ride and it was—'rotten.' I had a lovely (?) time, had a puncture, lost my way twice, rode seven miles without a light and nearly got pulled up for it, dumped into a ditch, bent the left crank and finally arrived at my destination completely 'fagged' and not in good condition for the job before me.

"First I hid the bike in a thicket opposite the house so that I would not likely be tracked. It was no hard job to get inside, and immediately I set about getting something to eat, and was fully enjoying myself with bread and canned meat and a bottle of beer, when who should come stalking into the kitchen but the curate. I nearly laughed out at the expression of bewildered surprise on his face and the grotesque figure he made in his loose and mud-bespattered garments. 'I'm trapped for sure this time,' I thought, but then consoled myself with the fact that I was a burglar and had learned to be ready to lie on the spur of the moment, or chances were that I would be tripped in a twinkling.

"I nodded to him and racked my brains for an excuse for my presence there. He seemed a deal surprised to find me there and was equally at a loss for something to say. 'Had a nice ride,' said I, and then swallowed an-

other glass of beer.

"'Not very,' he answered, dryly. 'Our friend's (?) machine was a bit out of date. So you arranged it satisfactorily with the man?'

"'Oh, ah, yes, yes, quite so—you needn't bother about settling up now. We—a—it's odd we should both be coming to the same house.'

"'Oh yes! I was invited down to spend a vacation with my cousin, who will be here tomorrow.'

"'Ye-es,' said I, nodding, 'my cousin was a bit nervous about being left alone with so many suspicious characters about, so she asked me to stay with her.'

"'Oh! so you're the housekeeper's guest,' said the curate, looking relieved. I had half a mind the beggar was suspicious of me.

"'She told me she expected you,' he continued.

"'The deuce she did,' I thought. 'Well, I hope he won't arrive tonight, that's all.' There was a beastly lot of coincidence about the affair, but I imagined it to be a lucky shot, and, as the cousin couldn't arrive that night, unless he cycled or walked, I was good for a while yet. We settled down to chat and I had a smoke, but it grew rather late and still the curate showed no inclination of going to bed. I passed out a few hints but they were utterly wasted. He talked and talked, and finally I fell asleep in my chair, and was not awakened till early next morning, when I felt his hand on my arm, and I could tell from his voice that something was doing.

"'Keep still,' he whispered, 'someone is breaking in.' 'Light the lamp, you chump,' said I promptly, 'that's the way to scare them off.'

"'But they have a cart,' he faltered.

"'What the blazes has that to do with it?'

"'We may capture them and then drive them to the police station and get assistance,' he wisely explained.

"I thought he had gone daft with fright, but I soon fell in with his plan, and we made ready for the capture, I behind the scullery door and he behind the washing machine.

"'Wait till he has filled the cart,' I whispered, 'and then we'll have him red-handed, with the evidence done up nicely and put on wheels—for me to make off with conveniently and comfortably.' I added under my breath. But when it came to the tussle I didn't quite see how my partner was going to be of much assistance—one biff and he was done for. That burglar cer-

tainly knew his business, and it was clear that he was an old hand at the game. I got a good look at him through the crack in the door, but didn't recognize him. He cleaned that house out beautifully, and when he had finished there wasn't a thing left worth the trouble of moving.

I thought it about time for action, and so on his next trip we followed him up and bagged him in a twinkling. But that curate queered me. He seemed to know more about flooring a man than I did. "It's football," I thought to myself; "those university fellows are great at that." But I shouldn't have expected it of this chap. Anyway, I admired the deft way in which he slipped between the burglar's legs and heaved him over for me to grab and hold down. Together we tied him and put him into a chair, swearing nicely at us and things in general. The curate thought himself boss then, and the way in which he ordered me around wasn't quite to my liking.

"Put those things into the cart," he said, indicating the silverware that the burglar had dropped. "We won't take him along with us, as he might prove tricky, and in case he frees himself there won't be anything valuable left for him to steal."

I didn't like the ordering I got, but my plan seemed to be coming out right after all, so I added a few things to the load on my own account. Just as we were ready to start off I thought of the bicycle I had hidden. According to my plan it would be necessary for me to take it along with me, as I wasn't likely to come back for it; but then if I did take it, I might arouse the curate's suspicion. I need not have worried had I known it, for the curate's plans included leaving myself as well as the bike.

When he said "we" he was speaking generally, he explained, for there was no need of us both going out for assistance, and he considered that the sullen and discontented man in the chair in the kitchen, tied up though he was, would be a little safer with personal oversight. I wouldn't consent to this, and by way of an excuse for going said that I wouldn't see the weak little curate go all alone in the chill air and along those dark country roads. I said I could manage quite well alone and would be back in an hour with efficient assistance. The curate became quite impatient and insisted on going, and so did I, till final-

ly he very reluctantly agreed that we both go.

It was in the darkest hour just before sunrise that we set out, and with no lights on the rig and a total ignorance of the road we were going, we made slow headway. We were on the main highway, however, and when we suddenly turned to the right I was sure we were going the wrong way. I racked my brain for every possible and plausible way of getting rid of that curate, for, of course, I didn't want to run into the arms of a policeman, even under such fair-seeming circumstances. Besides, my plan, so near completion, was not to be dropped. We drove on and on in silence through the desolate and dreary country, and when the first light of day was showing in a misty gleam we came to four cross roads, with a finger post stuck up in the centre.

"Now, which is the road?" asked the curate, thoughtfully. He had been driving in a state of deep abstraction, and until now had not uttered a word. Of course, I didn't know, but it seemed to me that to know where we were would be useful, and if I gained the information myself I would have a better right to say which way to go, so I volunteered to get down and investigate.

It was difficult to read in the dim light, and as I was straining on tip-toe to make out the letters, suddenly I heard a sharp crack of a whip and a rumbling of wheels. I tore back towards the fast moving rig, but it was a good way along the road and was being driven in a way that clearly showed the curate's eagerness to get rid of me. Even then I did not realize the real state of the case, and was angry that the curate had become suspicious of me and had taken this opportunity of getting off with his cousin's possessions in safety. "So that explains why he wanted me to remain with the desperate burglar and an empty house," I reflected bitterly. "Sneaky brute he is, anyway!" I was sold, desperately sold, but there wasn't any use hanging round there and enjoying the feeling, so I resolved to go back for my bike.

By studying the sign post a little more I found that we had gone somewhat in a circuit, and I was within half a mile of the house we had left. So back I went at a jog trot, angry, sullen and downhearted and very tired. It was near seven when I reached the house, and to my surprise it was still

quiet. Perhaps the curate had lost himself again! Anyway, he had not returned, so, cautiously looking around, I crept up to the house, and looking through the window saw the poor burglar still in the chair, a perfect picture of misery. As he was a member of my profession I could not go away without helping him, so I hurriedly went in and cut him loose. "No time to explain," I said; "we are both on the same track, but luck isn't particularly good this time. Get out is my advice; never mind the rig."

"I don't," he said briefly, "'tain't mine, anyway; ta-ta, and thanks," and with that he was gone.

I followed him, after getting a meagre breakfast for myself, and fished out my bike and set out for the railway station. "But what'll I do with the bike? 'Tain't worth stealing, so, to be honest for once, I'll take it back to the owner." But the ride didn't repay me. In a little while it began a nasty, drizzling rain, and I was soon wetted through. I plunged on through the mud and rain and arrived at the little town about 10 o'clock.

The first one to meet me was a big burly policeman.

"Where did you get that machine?" he demanded, gruffly.

"I hired it; it's not good enough to own and not worth stealing, so I'm taking it back."

"And I'm going with you," he said, in a nasty suspicious way.

We went! my reception was anything but cordial, and the dealer was for handing me over then and there for stealing. But the policeman wasn't a bad chap, although a little thick-

headed, and he listened to all my explanations. I carefully explained about getting into the wrong train, and that I wanted the machine badly to go across country to see my poor mother, who was sick. The policeman took my part and told the man he'd better take the money and be satisfied. But he complained at losing the other bike. I said that was no affair of mine. If the curate sneaked it he was to answer, not I. The policeman said that this was only reasonable, and the man finally consented to take the money. But when I was going to pay up I found every cent of money, as well as my watch and chain, was gone. Then the band played again and I was marched off, pending inquiries.

Naturally, I felt pretty uneasy, for I was afraid that the curate would turn up, and then things would end up in smoke for sure. But he didn't come around, and after getting some money down from Danville I squared up for the machine and was let go.

I don't know what became of that curate, but I do know that the cart was found deserted on the roadside a while after and no trace of its contents were ever found.

"And you think," I suggested.

"Think!" said Trick, disgustedly, "I don't need to think. I know that I was a blank fool and that, curate or no curate, that dirty little beast made the best haul of the season, including my cash and watch in his catch. I made some inquiries afterward and found that there wasn't a curate-cousin in the family any more than there was a housekeeper's cousin. But I'll bet the guy was as much taken in by me as I was by him."

SEEN FROM A CAR WINDOW IN JAPAN

(By An Observer.)

The conductor blows his whistle, the engine screeches in response, and the long train puffs out of Hiroshima (He-ro-she-ma) station on its way to the seaport of Kobe (Koo-ba), where we are going to take the boat for Canada. Passing the maze of tracks and switches, and the suburbs of the city, the train is soon out in the country. On the banks of a stream flowing through the first village we come to we see great heaps of oyster shells, and in the village itself we pass large

tanks which are full of live oysters. These are obtained from the sea near Hiroshima, and have a wide reputation in this part of Japan.

The scenery consists mostly of a succession of valleys filled with rice paddies or fields, and hills covered with pine trees. The view is not monotonous, however, for there are endless sights and scenes of interest scattered over these fields and hills. Now we pass a small shinto (shrine) buried in lofty and ancient pine trees—an oasis

in the midst of the surrounding rice fields; and again we pass picturesque farm houses with their heavy thatched roofs. Juicy parsimmons are ripening on the trees around them, and from the walls are suspended rows of a kind of large white radish over a foot long, which, when dried and pickled, forms, with rice, the principal diet of the poorer classes during the winter. The rice in the fields is yellow, and the heavy heads are drooping with the weight. In many fields the harvesting has already begun. Though the Japanese are so modern in some respects, their farming methods are still very primitive. The rice paddies are of irregular, quadrangular shapes, containing on an average about five square rods of land. They are separated from each other by mud walls about a foot high. A farmer owns several dozen of these, and spends about as much care on each plant he grows as we would on flowers in a garden. Whole families are seen working in these fields—men, women and children. All along the line we see them, some reaping by means of sickles and others separating the heads from the straw by pulling them through a sort of comb-like implement with sharp teeth.

Now the country gets more and more mountainous, till after a while an extra engine is necessary. For quite a distance the track is laid along the steep banks of an exceedingly wild and beautiful mountain stream. Here and there waterfalls tumble down the side of the cliffs so close to the track that we can hardly get a good sight of them before we are past. There are not very many large towns in these mountains.

After a time, however, we leave the higher hills behind and may soon hope to get a glimpse of the far-famed Inland Sea, which we have not seen since we left Hiroshima. Now as we round this curve we get a beautiful view of the sea and soon pull up at the station of a large city by the water's edge. It is about noontime now, and boys in uniforms are going up and down the platform shouting their wares. One is selling newspapers and novels; another cigarettes and beer; another tea in small earthenware tea pots, with a cup to boot, all for two and a half cents; another fruits, cakes and candy, and still another warm lunches in neat wooden baskets, and if you have a taste for Japanese food you had better spend seven and a half cents to get one, for the lunches of this place are famous.

Soon we leave this city, and, for the present, the shores of the Inland Sea, dotted with innumerable islands and with Japanese fishing junk. Again we are in a rolling country of hills and fields. Now we enter a city where we observe a large castle, which was once the stronghold of one of the old feudal lords. This structure has tiled roofs, as have nearly all the other buildings in Japan, and a tall foundation of huge stones cleverly fitted together without the aid of mortar. The walls of the banks of the two or three moats which encircle the castle, one outside the other, are built of the same material, and these moats are filled with mud and water, in which grows the sacred lotos, a kind of large water lily.

In a few hours we again approach the sea, and on the way we pass through a low country where there are a great many narrow canals running through the fields in all directions, and we see men towing boats along these by means of long bamboo poles fastened in their bows, or fishing by means of nets on the end of long sticks.

Along this shore, which we are just leaving, we see many salt fields that are covered to the depth of a few inches with sea water, which, when it has evaporated, leaves a layer of coarse salt. After a while we approach a city which has some famous Buddhist temples. As we enter we see the long flights of stone steps leading up to them, their massive gates, their twisted pines in the court yards and the great tiled roofs of the temples themselves. There is a pine in one of these temples which has a single branch trained out at right angles to, and about three times as long as, the main trunk.

There is nothing specially interesting after this, and it is getting dark. We have one more glimpse of the sea, and it is night before we reach Kobe. There are three stations in this city, and we do not get off till we reach the second and largest one. We give our tickets as we pass through the wicket, and are immediately assailed by a horde of jinriksha men, who take the place of cabmen in this country, and when they have settled by lots, if they cannot settle any other way, who shall pull us, we climb into the seats and the men between the shafts are soon pulling us at a good pace to our hotels.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN CLARKE

AN ENCOUNTER WITH PIRATES.

The good ship "Lucy" was rapidly nearing her destination, to the joy of all on board, including Billy, who was longing with ail his goatish heart for a big feed of nice fresh grass.

One morning soon after sunrise the lookout reported a sail on the distant horizon. Being the first ship sighted for over two weeks, its appearance naturally caused much excitement, and many were the conjectures as to its nationality.

The ship came nearer and the excitement increased, for in spite of all their efforts no one, not even the captain himself, could discern a flag. At first there seemed to be no one on board, but suddenly a number of odd-looking men appeared on deck and busied themselves about the guns, of which they carried a large number. These were run out and trained on the "Lucy," and at the same time a black flag was hoisted amid the cheers of the pirates, for such the captain and crew of the "Lucy" now knew them to be.

Captain Clarke, in no way disconcerted, at once gave the necessary orders and soon all was ready for the defence. The "Lucy" carried only small guns, and these were immediately trained on the enemy.

"Boom!" went the cannon of the pirates, but the shot flew wide of its mark. "Fire," said Captain Clarke; "we'll show them how to shoot." The gunners obeyed, but for some unaccountable reason the guns refused to answer. The captain now ordered the men to arm themselves with pistols and swords, and under his leadership prepared to prevent the pirates boarding the "Lucy." The crew did their best, but it was of no use. The pirates

swarmed over the side of the "Lucy" in large numbers.

"Drive them off!" roared Captain Clarke. "Show them what Englishmen can do. Come on!" And he threw himself into the midst of the cut-throats. Little by little, under his able generalship, the pirates were forced to the side of the boat, but not before several of the "Lucy's" crew had received slight wounds, while a number of the pirates had either been mortally wounded or else pushed overboard during the fight.

Captain Clarke, in the thick of the fight, soon received a blow from the pirate leader which disabled his arm and left him at the mercy of his ferocious antagonist, who was preparing to despatch him with all possible haste, when there came an interruption in the shape of a white goat called "Billy." Now, "Billy" had all this time been an interested spectator, but at last the noise, in addition to a sharp cut which he had received, roused his temper and he chose this moment to "butt in." And "Billy" butted to better advantage than ever before, for he butted the pirate captain clean over the railing, and down he sank to "Davey Jones' Locker." The pirates, disheartened by the loss of their leader, retreated at once to their own ship and sailed away, leaving the "Lucy" in peace.

The captain and the injured men soon recovered from their wounds; also "Billy," who, needless to say, was regarded as the hero of the day, and on the return of the "Lucy" after a successful voyage he was privately hugged and kissed by the young lady who had been waiting for the gallant Captain Clarke.

An eminent physician of New York while walking one day met one of his patients of the female class, who always had an ailment. Being on an important case at the time, he did not wish to stop, saying to her: "Put out your tongue and close your eyes." But about five minutes later, becoming tired, she opened her eyes and found herself in the middle of Broadway with her tongue out and no doctor in sight.

M.—"I wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

A.—"Of course not; the bride never marries the best man."

Two old women drove to a toll gate in Ireland, and asking what the toll was, the keeper replied: "Twenty cents for a horse and man."

"Well, get out of the way there; we're two old women and a mare. Get up, Jenny."

The Camosun

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE VICTORIA COLLEGE STUDENTS

STAFF:

Editor	Geo. C. Irving
Assistant Editor.....	L. P. Macrae
Literary Editor.....	Miss Gladstone
Sporting Editor.....	O. E. Finch
Society Editor.....	Miss C. Green
Business Manager.....	H. Rogers
Assistant Managers.....	S. O'Kell, C. White
Advertising Manager.....	S. Spragge

We wish to ask our readers' pardon for being late in issuing the number for this month. This tardiness was caused by the Easter vacation, which, coming in the middle of the month, made it impossible for us to have all our material in before the 24th. In order to have an issue out at the end of the month it is necessary that all copy for the "Camosun" should be in before the 24th of each month. Therefore, next month we want all who intend to contribute anything for publication to send it in before that date.

We also wish to call the students' attention to the fact that the "Camosun" of that month will be the last published by the present staff, and we would like them to assist us in making it a grand production, a souvenir number.

It seems necessary for the welfare of the "Camosun" that we again remind the students that to be a success it must have the support of the whole school. It is true that in all undertakings of this kind the labor falls on the shoulders of a few. But even under this difficulty a paper can be a success, provided it has a good financial basis. But, alas! this is the greatest obstacle in our path. With a little effort we can make up for any deficiency in our literature, but we cannot coin money. Now it is this lack of finance that has hindered us

in the past, making us restrict ourselves to fourteen pages and refrain from adorning our paper with pictures. It is the duty of every pupil of the school to try and overcome this obstacle, which they can do by purchasing each month's issue.

There are about two hundred pupils in the school; out of this number about eighty take the "Camosun," but it is doubted if there is a single pupil who does not read each month's issue.

This means that one person buys a "Camosun" and three read it.

To those who buy the "Camosun" we say they are not fair either to themselves or us by allowing those who do not buy a copy to read theirs.

Teacher—"Johnny, compare cold."
"Johnny—"Cold, cough, coffin."

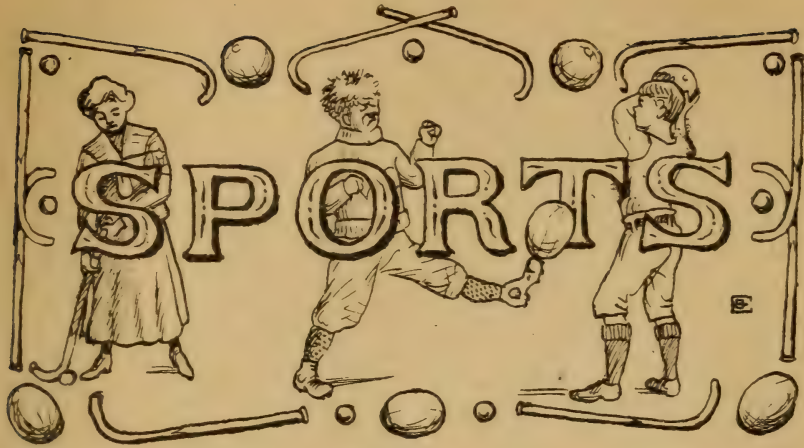
Cholly Chaffeur (eying a healthy-looking life preserver on the deck of a steamer)—"My! what a ferocious-looking tire."

Taken from a composition on the early theatres of England:

"The next theatre was the 'Curtain,' but it was pulled down and reconstructed and called the Globe."

Composition Teacher—"What's opening and end stress in a sentence?"

Bright Scholar—"Strong words used at the beginning and end of a sentence. A good example is what pa said last night when he hit his thumb with a hammer."



Basketball.

The inter-class basketball contests have been concluded, leaving the second division standing at the healthy end of the league. The last two games proved of more than ordinary interest. In the first game the second division met the first division, and at the end of full time the second division scored one point, winning the game. The second and also the final game of the league was played between the eighth and second divisions. Again the second division came off victorious, this time by the score 13-6. The game was fast and closer than the score indicates.

At the conclusion of the game the school champions, with broad, smiling faces, repaired to the front of the armory, where they were rewarded by having their pictures taken.

The second division, however, didn't secure medals, for the simple reason that the first division, which proved first in more ways than one, was the only team that handed in the entrance fee to Secretary Taylor. However, don't be alarmed. The first withdrew, after they were certain that no other division had any intention of putting up a similar fee, and the inner man scored his innings. If you don't believe it, ask Williams.

Baseball.

Captain Nason is practising his men steadily, and it is his intention to enter one of the city leagues. In the meantime a school league, say with two or three teams, would prove interesting as well as beneficial.

Field Day.

We regret to say that we have to sound the deathknell of the field day. The board refused the holiday, but that is only an incident; the real reason is that the "meet" did not have the hearty support of all those who should have stood by it. Until the school as a whole goes into a thing as if success depended on each individual no event of any importance will ever be chronicled as a success.

First Annual Field Day.

The first annual field day of the Victoria Athletic Association will be held on Friday, May 18th, 1906. All entries must be handed in to Mr. Russell before the 15th. The following is the list of events: Half mile, 220 yards, 100 yards, high jump, under 16; relay race for four, 880 yards, half mile, 440 yards, 220 yards, 100 yards, broad jump, high jump, under 16; 220 yards, 100 yards, broad jump, high jump, under 14; 220 yards, 100 yards, under 12; 100 yards, 75 yards, under 10; 73 yards, 75 yards, under 8.

General.

The tennis court is working overtime these days.

Miller and Williams repaired the tape on the tennis court.

Several students intend competing in the Y. M. C. A. field meet, which will be held on the 26th of May.

What is the matter with having a tennis tournament? A meeting of those interested will be held soon, at which a committee can be appointed

whose duty it will be to arrange a schedule and push the thing in general.

The school loses one of its most loyal and energetic workers in the person of Henry Angus, formerly of the first division, who, after shaking hands all round and listening attentively to some excellent advice from Miller (which, needless to say, Miller himself doesn't follow), left the school Wednesday afternoon, bound for Europe.

Harry was a very popular student. In the athletic department he was secretary of the famous first division basketball team. Though little, he was in evidence at every Rugby practice, which record can only be attributed to a very few pupils. "Hockey also received his earnest approval, he being secretary of the College Hockey Club and a hard working member of the committee. The "Camosun" also received part of his sleepless energy. Henry was a regular contributor, and his articles will be greatly missed. Although he has severed his connection with our school, yet he has left his subscription fee with the business

manager, and the paper will be sent to him regularly. It is to be hoped he may send us some "great stuff" from the foreign land. Henry was also a prominent member of the K. Y. II.

Though he devoted so much time to athletic, social and literary movements in the school, his studies did not suffer, he being one of the two boys who successfully passed the whole matriculation in '05. But Henry's stronghold is French. He is a froggy through and through, name and all; full of French as a Chinese new year's is of fireworks.

Our fellow-student will spend a week in England visiting the royal family (?) of Anguses, and then will take up his residence in gay Paris, where for about a year he will put on the flourishes to his already extensive knowledge of the French tongue. By that time he will have reached the legitimate age, enabling him to enter McGill, where he intends to capture everything in sight. Teachers and pupils one and all join in wishing him everything he wishes himself.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

(A Girl in the Matriculation Class.)

One evening when I had finished my lessons for the next day I said to myself: "I wonder what the boys and girls in my class will be like in twenty years. I wish there were spirits now who would tell me the future of the class." I had scarcely said this when a voice sounded in my ear. "Your wish is granted," it said, and I turned and saw a tall, strange looking figure standing by my side. "I am a spirit," said he; "come with me and I will show you what will have happened to the members of your class in 1926."

I followed him and we left the house and hurried through street after street, none of which I had ever seen before. "This is 1926," said he, "and Victoria is a good deal different to what it was twenty years ago." We finally stopped in front of a large building. "Come," said he; "we will go inside." We entered, and I found that we were in a large hall filled with people. They were listening earnestly to the speaker who was striding up and down the platform, waving his arms and shouting at the top of his voice. There

seemed something familiar about his face and voice, and on looking again I recognized O'Kell.

My conductor rose and I followed him, and we left the building. "You must not speak again," said he, "or the spell will break and then I can show you nothing more." He took my hand and led me into a school room. Sitting at the teacher's desk was a solemn, wise-looking man who was gravely explaining the laws of gravitation to his pupils. I easily identified him with Le Roy Laidley, one of the most studious boys in my class.

Leaving the school we went into a church, where a wedding was in progress. I heard the minister, whom I easily recognized as Paddon, say to the unhappy looking bridegroom: "Will you, Fred Dinsdale, have this woman," etc.

When I had recovered from the shock of this discovery we entered a court room, where a lawyer was eloquently pleading his case before the judge, who was listening with an air of great solemnity. In the judge I

saw Huggett, and in the impassioned lawyer, Beckwith.

Next we passed into a circus, and a pair of clowns entered the ring. Their antics were more extraordinary than those of the ordinary clown, and I became very interested in watching them. The spirit whispered: "Don't you know them?" I looked again and recognized White and Eberts, two of the brilliant members of my division.

Soon we were in the street again, listening to the conversations of two men. "Yes," said the first, "Mr. King gave a hundred thousand in aid of the victims of the cyclone." "He's the most generous man I ever heard of," said the other. "I have never seen him. What does he look like?" Hush! Here he comes," said the first, and following the direction of his finger I saw Nelson King, then the richest man as well as the greatest philanthropist in America.

After this we entered a laboratory, where a chemist was compounding some horrible mixture. I had no difficulty in recognizing Wilby, the chemist of the school.

From here we went into a hospital, where we saw the world-famed Dr. Macmillan. It was hard to think that this stout, bald, prosperous looking individual could be the Hugh Macmillan of my acquaintance, but so the spirit said it was.

Leaving the hospital we came to a park and took up our station on a bench, one end of which was occupied by a harassed-looking individual who was trying to watch half a dozen children at once. Up sailed a big, stout woman, who said to the meek little man: "Come on, bring the children home. Oh, Ernest David Spragge, how could you have let the children eat that candy! They will all be sick to-morrow. Now, you come right home and put them to bed and don't you dare buy them any more of that sticky candy." "All right, Jemima. I didn't buy the candy. Mr. So and So gave it to them. Now, my dear, don't look at me like that." As he said this he

gathered up his wife's bundles and trotted after her with a child hanging on to each arm. Who would ever have supposed that Spragge would come to this?

Presently we went into a theatre where a matinee was in progress. We took a seat in front of two ladies who were earnestly discussing the hero. "He's so handsome," said one. "His hair is such a lovely color." "Yes; auburn always was my favorite color," replied the other. "But his acting," continued the first, "is simply perfect. The way he defies the villain, and clasping the lovely heroine to his heart, declares he will die rather than give her up, is superb." Just then the object of this conversation made his appearance. I looked once. It was enough. I knew him to be George Irving.

Next we went into the printing room of one of the daily papers, where we saw Angus MacInnes, the foreman, berating a trembling printers' devil who had spilled the ink; and then into a hall, where Professor Gowen, the greatest spiritualist of the age, was giving a lecture.

After this we entered a large building and stopped before one of the many offices. On the door was the following:

Professors Rannells & Rogers,
Greatest Beauty Doctors of the
Century.

Every Woman Can Be Made
Beautiful.

We entered and I beheld my two friends in the act of beautifying one of their customers. They had turned their talent to advantage, and instead of painting pictures were now painting faces.

"So much for the boys. Now show me the girls," said I. "You have spoken; the spell is broken. I can show you no more," replied the spirit. "Good-bye." I turned to look after him, but he had disappeared and I was again alone with my books on the table beside me.

A Chinaman's opinion of the modern housekeeper:

Mistress (to Chinaboy)—"I want you hurry up and not be slow like last Chinaboy."

Chink—"Sometimes I heap lazy."

Mistress—"Sometimes I heap lazy, too; you not be lazy."

Chink—"Me think white man all time be heap lazy."

Daughter—"Father, Cecil is so nice. His uncle says he is the flower of the family."

Father—"Yes, I heard his uncle say he was a blooming idiot."

In the Grammar Class.—Teacher—"Give me a word ending in 'ock' when it is used as a diminutive."

Bright Pupil—"Skylock."

Semi-Ready Wardrobe, B. WILLIAMS & Co., Sole Agents, Victoria, B. C.

MERCANTILE DIRECTORY

—GO TO—

JOHN BARNESLEY & Co., . . .	for Sporting Goods
CHALLONER & MITCHELL, . . .	" Gold, Silver, China and Glass
M. W. WAITT & Co., . . .	" Music and Instruments
F. CARNE, . . .	" Groceries
W. G. CAMERON, . . .	" Clothing
FORRESTER, . . .	" Wall Paper and Picture Frames
HALL & Co., . . .	" Drugs, Perfumes, etc.
C. POPE, . . .	" Books, Stationery, etc.
MOWAT, . . .	" Groceries
B. WILLIAMS & Co., . . .	" Clothing
M. R. SMITH & Co., . . .	" Biscuits, etc.
McCANDLESS BROS. & CATHCART,	" Boots, Shoes, etc.
THE COLONIST, . . .	" Fine Printing, Binding, etc.

MEDALS AND TROPHIES



—WE DESIGN AND MANUFACTURE—
MEDALS, TROPHIES, CLASS PINS, SILVER CUPS AND PRESENTATION PLATE

YOU CAN EITHER SELECT FROM THE LARGEST STOCK IN B. C.
OR HAVE SPECIAL DESIGNS AT VERY ECONOMICAL PRICES

CHALLONER & MITCHELL,
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS
47 & 49 GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA

C. M. 909

CAN YOU LAUGH?

If you can't, there is something radically wrong. An excellent remedy is to come and hear **GOLDSMITH'S**

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

Presented by the **DRAMATIC SOCIETY OF VICTORIA COLLEGE**, on
FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 18th, 1906, promptly at 8 o'clock.

If you can laugh, so much the better, you will heartily enjoy this famous Comedy given at the **VICTORIA COLLEGE**.

TICKETS 25 CENTS, can be obtained from Members of the School. **No Reserved Seats.**
P. S.—Don't forget to bring HER along with you.

Semi-Ready Raincoats, Overcoats and Suits, are sold at \$12.00, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.00 and \$25.00

UVIC ARCHIVES

(sc)
LH3
C3

NEW C.P.R. HOTEL
VICTORIA, B.C.

